## fairfield Herata. Mil

## WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1885.

Of That Blithe Throat of Thine. i More than 20 north-about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast oceaners in clear water—Greely heard the song of a single bird merrily sounding over the desolation.]

the desolation.]
Of that blithe throat of thine, from arctic bleak and blank,
I'll mind the lesson, solitary bird; let me too welcome chilling drifts.
E'en the profoundest chill, as now—a torpid pulse, a brain unnerv'd,
Did age land-lock'd within its Winter bay—
(cold, cold, 0 cold!)
These snowy hairs, my feeble arm, my fregen

feet: For them thy faith, thy rule I take, and grave

For them the last.

It to the last.

Not Summer's zone alone, hot chants of youth,
or South's warm tides alone,
But held by sluggish floes, pack'd in the Northern ice, the cumulus of years—
These with gay heart I also sing.

—Walt Whitman, in Harper's Magazine for

A WOMAN SCORNED. "I didn't mean to vex you, Dane,

and I'll stay here without you if you wish me to.' "Oh, you will, will you? I rather think so myself," Dane Eckhart said, with a sneer that made Ginevra, his wife, lift her clear, dark eyes wonderingly. "You needn't stare so, Ginevra, its time I told you the truth, if I'm

ever going to.' Ginevra got up from the pot of geraniums she was watering and came to her husband's side, an odd pallor in her lovely face.
"Yes, dear," she said in a low tone,

"if there is anything I need to know, tell it to me at once, pray."

The man stirred uneasi y in his chair,

and looked at her stealthily from under his black evelashes. He was a singularly handsome man. but with a dangerous droop about the corners of his finely molded lips, that would have warned any reader of character against trusting him too far. "I shan't be likely to come back,"

he said in a sulky tone. Ginevra looked at him, her face whitening.
"You will send for me to come to

you? Very well." "Not a bit of it," Dane Eckhart said in a hard voice. "You'll have to go back to your aunt."

"As you please; only I wash my hands of you. I want you to understand that you and I have both got too much temper to get on well together." "It is a pity you had not di-covered

as much before you married me." "Well, I know it now; and as for the marrying, you ought to be as thankful as I am that it was just a farce."

"Only a game, my dear. You and have only been playing married."

He threw up his handsome head in solently, but involuntarily chair back a step as he encountered

She stood an instant, trembling with fied groups, or, the more stout-hearted passion, then she came nearer to him, of them, ransacked the house in search and dropping upon a low seat, wound a white arm around his neck.

"Don't plague me with such horrid talk, love," she said sweetly, "and I'll try not to lose my temper so easily." Dane Eckhart cast her arm of his neck impatiently, and rose with a muttered imprecation.

"It is no talk, as you'll find," said savagely. "While you were Margaret Moxley's heiress such talk was well enough; but you ought to have known I couldn't afford to marry a poor woman." "And you are not married to me!

What, then, was that ceremony between ne?" "The merest farce. That man wasn't a minister more than I am. There.

don't make a fuss. It was all because of your aunt Marg ret's money, and under the circumstances, really you ought to be thankful to be rid of me,

"To be fid of me," Ginevra said in s hard, cold voice. "Very well, you are rid of me. Go!" Dane Eckhart laughed nervously.

of think I will go until you are in better humor, at least;" and he sauntered gracefully out and down the garden

The passionate young creature he had left sat staring after him with a look of piteous misery on her blanched

She sat where she could see the man she had till this moment supposed to be her husband; the man whose dangerous beauty and luring words had brought her to this-won her from a luxurious home, of which she was the idol and prospective mistress; the manfor whom the aunt who had been a second mother to her had cast her out disinherited her-and now he cast her

She could see him, smoking as he walked and lazily smelling the flowers, and her hands clenched and unclenched themselves almost viciously.

In her absorption she did not see till he was at he door a man who came swiftly up the walk-unnoticed, too, by Dane, whose face was the other way. The man scarcely stopped to knock, and Ginevra ran to him with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" she cried. "I've come as I promised you, miss. Mistress Margaret lies a-dying, and she's asked for you over and over

An indescribable change passed over Ginevra's face, and she glanced swiftly in the direction of the shrubbery, where a faint blue smoke was curling past the

leaves. "I will go with you instantly-instantly, Robert," she said, her eyes gleaming. "I see you have a carriage;

this path, Robert; I should like to get off without being seen." Robert did as he was bidden, and Ginevra, stopping barely long enough to don cloak and hat, ran after him.

Dane Eckhart tossed away the stump of his cigar and lighted a fresh one. "Deuced hard thing," he muttered. "I'm glad it's over. Now if Dame Margaret should leave her the money after all, she'd rather have the upper

hand of me, wouldn't she?" He sauntered back to the house again. There was no one in the little sittingroom where he had left Ginevra, and he noticed at once that her cloak and

hat were gone. "What now?" he grumbled aloud. "Where can she have gone to?"

"Please, sir, I can tell you all about t," said a sharp little voice at his elbow, and Ginevra's small maid-of-allwork popped out from behind the winlow curtains, where she had been curld this long time.

"I heard 'em, I seen 'em," she nodbriskly: "The man's name was bert, and he said Miss Margaret was vin', and she went off with him.' In a carriage?" demanded Dane. eathless amazement.

child nodded. he say her aunt had sent for

er nod. e been! The old woman is

It was something of a walk, how-

ever, and two hours had gone before At Moxley the dying woman tossed on her thorny couch and moaned con-

stantly one inquiry: 'Has she come? Robert said he knew where to find her. Robert has gone for her. Jane! Jane, I say!" An elderly-looking woman came forward to the bedside. "Go down, Jane, and see if she has

"They have orders, madame, to let you know the instant she arriv s," the woman said.

"Yes, but they may linger. Moments are ages to me now. Go, go!"
"But the doctor's orders—you were not to be left alone for an instant." "The doctor is an idiot! Do you serve me or him?" demanded Marga-

ret Mox'ey, in sharp, quernlous tones. "You, certainly. I only thought

Reluctantly the woman departed. It was not the first time she had been on this fruitless errand, and each time she had been in terrible fright lest her mistress should fall into one of her dreadful spasms, and so be dead when she

She was not absent from the room more than ten minutes in all. She found Robert and Miss Ginevra just arrived, and she only stopped for half a dozen words with the latter, before she dragged her up the stairs to her aunt's

Ginevra sprang ahead and entered the spartment first, but shrank back upon her own steps, as though she had encountered Satan himself in there, shuddering with horror, and uttering scream upon scream, that resounded to the farthest corner of the house. Thinking that what she had feared had happened in her absence, the nurse pressed past her into the room. But

met her than any she had ever dream-Margaret Moxley lay half way out of bed, as though dragged there in some awful struggle, her eyes already fixed and staring, her throat cleft with a gash, through which the life-blood

how much more awful the sight that

owed in a purple tide. The poor old woman had been murfor her death even the little time he would have had to. The nurse's screams, added to Gin-

evra's, brought every one in the house Somebody went tearing away for the doctor, as though he could be of some

of some traces of the murderer. There was an inquest the next morning, and when Ginevra was brought into the room to give her testimony, quivering in every limb and white with horror, the first face upon which her from the carriage-door to listen. eyes fell in the apartment was that of

Dane Eckhart. He had been found hiding in the see Ginevra, and those who knew of the enmity between him and the dead woman, had fallen upon him as her murderer. He had resisted at first, and then, seeing that it was of no use, had come with them. His face was a little pale, but confident, as he stepped

to Ginevra's side. "It was this lady I was watching in the shrubbery to see," he said, trying to take her hand; "she is my wife." "A singular place to be looking for her," said the coroner mildly; and Ginevra shrank from his extended hand with a strange, threatening look in her

dark, horrified eyes. In that brief moment her mind had gone back in a flash to the day before, and this man's brutal words to her then. She remembered how pitiless man. he had been, and she was saying to herself now as she said then:

"Heaven help you, Dane Eckhart, if my turn ever comes.' It had come now, and she took it. In a calm, self-possessed voice, from ished, she told how she had entered

her aunt's room first, and of the ghastly sight that had met her eyes. "Was anyone else in the room? Did vou hear or see anyone?" demanded right and just.

the coroner. Ginevra paused, with her eyes bent upon the floor, and an ashy tremor creeping around her lips. "I cannot testify," she said in low, clear tones; "the man who is charged

with her death is my husband. The in such cases.'

if he had not before, what a fool he had and the volume of water compressed been to dare such a woman as this. declared wildly; "she can say nothing into snowy fleecy foam, and from beto criminate me; let her if she can, low rises a thick mist as the water is She is not my wife; I deceived her hurled upon the rocks that break its with a sham marriage.

awful smile, as the man cried out so scene its unrivaled charm. One may face, and none saw lanything but the and hundreds of other fantastic shapes, grief of a wife who fears to criminate according as the reins of fancy are

Dane Eekhart caught on the faces given birth to. He struck himself with his clenched hands and was silent. The inquest went on, and he was sion of the court, for the murder of

Margaret Moxley.

He thought it would come to nothing. He said to himself that nothing could come of it, but he shuddered involuntarily as he met the dark, bright, menacing eyes of the woman he had

Margaret Moxley had made her will in favor of her niece, Ginevra, in those days before she had ever seen Dane Eckhart. When Ginevra had eloped with Dane she had made great pretense of disinheriting her, but she had never made a new will, and she sent for her at the last in kindness.

So the property was all Ginevra's, and Dane in his prison-cell on that awful charge, had ample opportunity to meditate on his evil deeds and the evil fruit they had borne him.

Bad as he seemed, Dane Eckhart was not altogether evil. A wanderer ever, learning young "to live by his wits," and seeing life thus in many of to be what is called a good man. haps the nearest approach to his better nature had been his love for beautiful Ginevra Moxley. He had loved her, and it had been no sham marriage between them, as he pretended.

He saw plainly that Ginevra would never consent to leave him, and that they were miserably poor, and with I must overtake them! What | the prospect of worse before them. He thought that once set free from forgive her after all, and then him, her aunt would take her back,

Til get the cold shoulder; and Dane and knowing that she would never go, Eckhart hurried away toward the town except in some harsh alternative as this, he had lied to her thus.

He lay in his prison-cell, and thought of all this, and of his too probable coming fate. But he knew better than to attempt to make Ginevra believe him -certainly then.

"When I stand face to face with death I will tell her," he said to him-self. "She will believe me then." The case went up for trial. It is not

so difficult to string together evidence enough to hang a man, when there is so little to be said on the other side as in this case, and the very circumstances left little to be said. Besides, Dane Eckhart already bore a bad reputation, and a bad name is as much an injury to a man as a good one is an advant-

We cannot follow the details of that trial here. Ginevra never went near it. Shut up in her chamber at Moxley, she waited with her beautiful face growing more like marble every hour. When that verilict of guilty was brought her, she ordered her carriage, and for the first time went to Dane's

Dane smiled as she came in. It was the old wite ing smile that had won her, and the face, pale though it was with confinement, was the old, handsome, fond face, unobscured by the sneering, half-brutal cloud that had been hovering between her and it of

"I am glad you have come. I was about to send and ask you to come." Dane said, and his voice was low, and sweet, and rich with tender feeling, as in the old days when they ind been more than all t e world to each ot. er. Something smote this proud woman suddenly, as a curst of sunshine dissolves snow. Down at his feet, on the prison-floor,

she sank, erying:
"Forgive me, Dane!" Then Dane Eckhart lifted her up, and told his story. "I will save you yet!" Ginovra cried. "Let me go!"

But Dane shook his head, smiling "You may try, my darling, but it will be in vain. "And it was. The strange, improbable story she told was received as the loving artifice of a fond, too faithful

wife-that was all; and Ginevra went back to her husband to say, with her face in his bosom: "I cannot save you, my beloved, but dered by somebody who could not wait I shall die with you; I will not live

without you. last moment and confessed the dead. out of a clump of bushes by the roadside and spoke to her. She might not have heeded him, he looked so desperate and forlorn, but she caught from his hips her husband's name, and, bidding the driver stop, she leaned engerly

The gaunt, miserable being came closo beside her. "I can't stand it any longer," shrubbery, watching for a chance to said, "and I'm going to give myself see Ginerra, and those who knew of up. I was the heir-at-law, and I thought if she lived to see you, she'd make a been a day later in coming. She would not have lasted of herself till then. It was for my wife and babes, who were starving, and she wouldn't help them. They'll starve now in downright earnest, if the disgrace don't kill them first."

"I will care for them," Ginevra said solemnly, and took the wretch in her carriage, and drove back to town. It was as the man said. There was plenty of corroborative evidence when it came to that, and Dane Eckhart was free-a thankful, it is hoped, a better,

The poor fellow who had really done the deed was, in the end, sent to a lunatic asylum instead of to death. He went mad in the prison, and, some thought, was mad all the time. Ginevra kept her word. She and which every trace of agitation had van- Dane took home the starving wife and babes, and shared Margaret Mox'ey's riches with them, partly from humble gratitude for their own happiness after all, partly because both felt that it was

The Rainbow Rocks of the Yellow-

From a natural platform at the very edge of the lower falls, the sight-seer can look 400 feet upward to the top of law does not require the wife to speak | the heavily wooded banks, and down to the foot of the falls, 309 feet. It is Dane Eckhart shrank as though she not over forty feet from this natural had struck him. He understood now, platform to the other side of the river, into this narrow space is enormous; "She shall give her testimony," he but as soon as it passes it is transformed fall. Grand as are the falls themselves, Genevra's lips trembled into a bitter, the Grand Canyon really gives to the rashly, but her falling hair hid her see turrets, towers, pillars and cones, loosed. The colors of the rock include every tint of the rainbow. Below this the conclusions his rash words had is a stratum of brown rock, gradually shading into red. Then come orange, or yellow, violet and white limestone. Yonder is a bright red tower, and becommitted for trial at the coming ses- sides it is a pillar of black flintstone. Below it is a white cone, above a purple

Burst in the Water.

On the 28th of October, 1840, persons present at the Northport campground, in Wa do Cou ty, saw a meteorite fall into the water near the camp. As it fe l it burst into fragments, or that was the co-clusion drawn by those who wit ess dits descent. Search was made at the time for fragments, but none were then found, the tide at all time covering the spot where the meteorite struc, the water. Two years ago one who witnessed the fall again made the search, and some small fragments were recovered. From time to time the search has been continued and other fragments have been brought to light, one of which was considerately sent to Professor F. C. Robinson, of Bowdoin College. More recently quite heavens, he is laughing at the way I am crawling along. Never mind, only pounds, was recovered, and this mass wait till I get round, and then see if I Professor Robinson has now in his possession, much to his gratification. He will proceed to analyze it .- Brunswick (Maine) Telegraph.

A visitor at the British Museum surprised the librarian by inquiring if Adams; Mrs. Meikleham, who is Jefferthere were any extant autographs of Jesus Christ. Another asked for books on the subject of sorcery, and wished to know if there was any man in the room who could raise the devil for him. Tyler, and Secretary Lincoln and family.

THE BABY MARKET.

In this city there are about half a dozen lying-in hospitals, nearly all conducted on the same plan. They are renevally managed for private gain, but their practical nature does not prevent them from serving a humane end. "These hospitals are a great blessing

to some of the poor creatures who go to them in their hour of distress," said person who is acquainted with their workings to a reporter recently. "There they receive attendance at the lowest rates for medical service, and do not want for anything in the way of careful treatment and nursing. One of which have particellar knowledge is on Fourth street, and is kept by a German woman. She has experienced nurses, quiet rooms, and her place is visited by neary all classes of people. Among those railings of the fine mansion, which are who are most frequently received are encroaching upon his habitat, and of servant girls. I know of a woman in undermining the brown stone fronts this city who has had no less than six which have of late years been erected girls working for her at different times there, who have sought refuge at this hospital. One The girls are expected to pay a uniform mansions has actually lodged a comfee of \$50, which covers the entire explaint against these animals—something pense of their stay at the hospital. If house servants or nurses, if they are give expression to the feeling which found capable of filling such positions. this "upstart" has provoked among the found capable of filling such positions. This is, of course, after they have sufficiently recovered to be able to make themselves useful."

"And what becomes of "They are all brought up 'by hand," as it is termed; that is, on the bottle. The healthiest and prettiest are kept for the purpose of adopting direct from the steps and jumped through a plate-the hospital, and the rest are sent to glass window into his parlor. Under the foundling asylums to take their these circumstances he has complained chances. Where the maternal instinct | to the police. is so strong that the parting between mother and child is found too painful. then the matron does not insist on the separation, and is, in fact, not at all anxious to keep the infant unless it is found to be somewhat prepossessing.'

"Then the prettier the child the better its chances for adoption?" "Exactly; and here is where the main profit of the institution is derived. The roprietress, besides getting a reasonaole fee for her nursing and other services, often makes a much larger one by disposing of a child to a person of The contest was an exceedingly close wealth who is anxious to adopt it one and it looked when the dude came Childless ladies come in their carriages, rustling in silks and satins, to select a bright-eyed infant to love and cherish and lighten the household. I have heard The awful day approached. There of the prices paid in some instances was no remedy, unless, indeed, the running as high as \$3,000 or \$4,000. real murderer came forward at the The shrewd proprietress knows how to turn to her advantage the fancy taken old man's gratitude. His offer of help There seemed little enoug: prospect by a wealthy lady to a pretty baby. The was gladly welcomed. He was directed of that; but one evening as Ginevra little ones are always arrayed in fine to take hold of one horn of the animal. use, and the rest stood about in horri- was driving home from the prison, a dresses when a customer is expected. He did so, and the old gentleman, pickand are shown off at their best, that one of them at least may not fail to rily home.
touch the chord—the golden chord, in Now the difficulty of taking one horn the case, to the proprietress-of the visitor. Some of the customers are as it is in other cases. When you have more eager to secure a prize of infant taken one horn you feel like taking anhumanity than others. There was the other. In fact you have to, for you will case of a lady recently whose husband be more likely to be upset when you had been in Chins for several months, take one than if you take two. So and who, being childless, was somethe young fellow took another and what anxious on the subject of a son found himself in a worse plight than and heir. The round of the foundling the old gentleman was in; for there was asylums and hospitals was made in vain by the lady for the object of her search; will and turn me out. I didn't knew but one day, happening in at the parshe had made her will already, and I lor of the institution I have referred to, shouldn't have harmed her if you had a little red-faced darling only 3 days old took her eye, and a bargain was immediately struck. The lady saw a the tiny features of the infant, and taking it home duly installed it in her household and affections, all unknown to her absent lord. Next day the newspapers contained notices of the birth of a son to the wife of ---, and copies of the papers were sent to the delighted husband, who shortened his stay in China in order to run home and get a look at his supposed offspring. It was not long before the secret was out, nowever, for, woman-like, she couldn't keep it. Then a squall struck the infant's new-home, though it quickly blew over, and the house re-cchoes to squalls of a more diminutive, though, perhaps,

not less heartrending nature. The husband has become reconciled to his dis-appointment, and if the youngster does not develop to an alarming degree his inborn Tar-fiat tendencies he will doubtless remain a welcome guest at the house of his foster-parents. - San Francisco Chronicle.

Fun From French Papers.

A valet-de-chambre presents himsel to a gentleman whose service he is desirous of entering. "Where were you last employed? Why did you leave your place?" "Employed by Blind Tom. Left because he kept too close an eye on me."

When Henri Rochefort was a young man he held a clerkship in the Prefecture at Paris, but never put in an appearance at the office, preferring to busy himself writing for the stage. His superior officer complained to the Prefect, and asked Baron Haussman to turn the delinquent out of his place, but the Baron (who was interested in the actress that was to sustain the leading part in Rechefort's play) declined, uttering the profound aphorism: "You can't turn a man out of his office who

Mme. X. is a charming woman, but nature has dowered her altogether too iberally in the matter of feet. She has been sick but has been convalescing, and tells a friend, who has called to see how she is getting along, that she can barely put one foot before the other. 'Ah, my dear," says the visitor (who wears No. 1s), "then you have made a gigantic stride toward recovery."

They have been discussing a fatal duel, and one of the party says solemn-"It seems to me that Providence would have been wiser had it ordained that the murderer should be killed instead of his unfortunate victim." X. tells the story of his duel to

friend. "You see, about three months age we got into a discussion about poltics and he gave me a slap in the face. Of course, after that an amicable arrangement was impossible, so I demanded satisfaction—" "And got it?"
"Yes; we met next morning and I got a thrust in the ribs, and this is the first time I've set foot outside of the house.' "Ah, there he goes now—on the other side of the street." "Yes so it is. By don't give him another lesson."-Phil-

Representatives of the different Presidents' families are living in Washington. They are as follows: Henry son's granddaughter, and Miss Randolph, the Misses Gouverneur, greatgranddaughters of Monroe; Mrs. Semple, a daughter of President Tyler; John

THE GOAT MUST GO. How a Dude Assisted an old Gentleman

That rugged, though not exactly picturesque, part of New York City which first greets every traveler from the north to that city, and which has been immortalized by the comedies of Harrigan and Hart, is about to be stripped of one of its most prominent features. The shanties that adorn its rocks will still remain, but doom has been pronounced upon the goat that has become native to the soil—if such a word can be applied to the barren trap rock on

which they browse.

The animal has multiplied until he has become a nuisance, and, owing to his increasing numbers, even the billboards and the tomato cans cannot yield him sufficient nutriment. He is even accused of consuming the iron

One of the new residents in these utterly unknown before to even the they have but little money they are al- oldest inhabitant in that vicinity. There owed to work out the fee, either as is talk of an indignation meeting to old citizens.

But he trusts to the justice of his cause and the extent of his grievance. The goats have pushed out and broken one of the stone posts of the railing on his front doorsteps. These steps are always full of goats, and recently one of there being chased by a dog ran up

Another recent resident a very young man, has also a tale of misery to tell. He was calling on his best girl whose father made fun of his pipe-stem legs and his dude coat-tails sticking below the edge of his overcoat. On his way home late on the night when the "old man" went to his club he met that gentleman interviewing a goat which had attempted to back him off the sidewalk. The old man-had seized the animal by the horns and was trying to back it in to some policeman and have it arrested. up as if only an official count could set-

Here, then, was the young man's long-coveted opportunity to make a friend of the old one. He would rescue him from his predicament and win his daughter's hand by means of the

is just the same in the case of the goat no one to relieve him. The goat ran him down one avenue, then across another street and up another avenue, until, instead of being taken to a police-station itself, it backed the dude up to one and had the pleasure of seeing him arrested as a disorderly person man, took its cheerful way homeward.

resemblance to her husband's face in while the goat, imitating the old gentle This young man has joined the crusade against the goat population of that Condiments and Indigestion. Cayenne pepper may be selected as a typical example of a condiment properly so called. Mustard is a food and

condiment combined; this is the case with some others. Curry-powders are mixtures of very potent condiments with more or less of farinaceous materials, and sulphur compounds, which, like the oil of mustard, onions, garlic, etc., may have a certain amount of nu-The mere condiment is a stimulating drug that does its work directly upon

the inner lining of the stomach, by exciting it to increased and abnormal activity. A dyspeptic may obtain immediate relief by using cayenne pepper. Among the advertised patent medicines is a pill bearing the very ominous name of its compounder, the active constitnent of which is cayenne. Great relief and temporary comfort are commonly obtained by using it as a "dinner-pill." If thus used only as a temporary remedy for an acute and temporary, or exceptional, attack of indigestion, all is well, but the cayenne, whether taken in pills or dusted over the food or stewed with it in curries or any otherwise. is one of the most cruel of slow poisons when taken habitually. Thousands of poor wretches are crawling miserably loward their graves, the victims of the multitude of maladies of both mind and body that are connected with chronic, incurable dyspepsia, all brought about by the habitual use of cayenne

and its condimental cousins. The usual history of these victims is that they began by overfeeding, took the condiment to force the stomach to do more than its healthful amount of work, using but a little at first. Then the stomach became tolerant of this little, and demanded more: then more. and more, and more, until at last in flammation, ulceration, torpidity, and finally the death of the digestive powers, accompanied with all that long train of miseries to which I have referred .- W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly for January.

Hitherto the difficulty with the torpedo as an instrument of offense on shipboard has been to launch it properly from the beam when the vessel is going at a high rate of speed. It used to be impelled along a guide-bar, to which it was attached by a T-piece, until it was so far from the side of the ship as not to be affected by her way. But the pressure of the water caused the guide to vibrate from side to side, so as to either jam the torpedo effectually or injure its tail at the moment of leaving the ways. A strong and rigid gun-metal shield has now been added to the torpedo equipment of the British warship Polyphemus for the purpose of from his wife it is the fashion to celeprojecting from the side and taking the brate the affair by a dinner, bal or ressure of water from the guides. Un- some sort of festival. In America when less an expedient is devised which will a man gets a divorce, after he has setinsure a safe and certain dispatch of a | tled with his lawyers, he has to hump torpede from a ship sail ng very fast | himself to get money enough to buy through the water there will be little bread, and the chances are that he use in supplying the Polyphemus, which has been built for speed, with such a time to come. An American divorce weapon. - N. Y. Mail and Express.

Phil Sheridan's prescription for a cold: "Stay at home and sit in front One Well for Two Families.

One we'l was never ar e enough to furnish water for two or thr e fami ie-I rest my palat al dwelling-pl...e from a man who owns two hous s-one on either side of that in which I liv. In my back yard there is a well, and in each of the other back yards a c'stern is located, and when we three families moved into our respective places of abode, it was clearly understood and so nominated in the bond that all should have access to and water from the well, and that the central figure in the group (meaning myself) should be permitted to draw upon the hoarded treasures of either cistern at

his own sweet will. On Monday of the second week after we began to utilize our building, my wife intimated to me that she would appreciate having a few pails of washng water from one of the cisterns. When my wife intimates anything to me, I always feel the promptings of love in my heart and promptly accede to her wishes. I did so on this ocea-sion, and went to the cistern to westward of us. I pumped up one pail of water and took it to my waiting spouse, but when I attempted to draw another the woman who seemed to be running that cistern came out and asked me I did not think it would be more polite -she bore down on "colite" pretty hard—to get some water from the other eistern. I told her that I was a plain, blunt fellow, who did not stand on etiquette very much, and if it made no difference to her I'd get the water where my wife dum pleased. She replied that her cistern was very low, but I told her I was not a bit stuck up or particular about the rank in society of cisterns with which I might have to associate, and she said something about my not being able to take a hint, when I replied that I could take more hints in a minute than she could give me in an hour, and proceeded to transfer the

water from the cistern to the wash-tub. When I returned for a third palful, the crank of the chain-pump was gone, so I visited the cistern of my other neighbor, who smiled as if to welcome me, as I entered her gate, and remarked that the weather was quite dry. I agreed with her, and was engaged in wetting a pailful of weather, when she proceeded to say that cistern water would be an object one of those days. I said I supposed so, and having emptied my pail came for more.
"Don't you hate a hog?" she inquir-

ed. I admitted that I was not very red: deeply in love with the present tenement of the devil, when she said something about two-legged hogs that I could not help regarding as personal. I filled my pail and gracefully strolled carded table-leg was thrust into the spout of the pump at the well, and I was invited to saw it off, which I did. When I returned at noon, from my office, I found my family thirsty. and then I saw for the first time that I had revenge upon all parties concerned, including myself. It cost me a dollar to get the table-leg bored out of the spout, and my wife has to have some bangs and back hair, and the other women have had to purchase new dresses, and court-plaster and arnica have to be bought for the children every day, and each of my neighbors has a padlock on the wheel of his cistern pump, while I pay a negro two dollars a day to guard the well with a double-barreled shotgun, and don't speak to the people that live on either side of us. Oh, no! one well for three families is very amusing, but it is expensive, too.—F

The Tooth Factory.

The domain of the dentist is to be disputed. A great discovery has been made which will revolutionize the whole business, and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, rlenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making sets of artificial teeth by machinery. All that anyone who is troubled with his teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand new, machinemade set and be exempt from toothache all the rest of his life. There is, of course, nothing new in the making and using of artificial teeth, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages. When the making of watches by machinery was start d there were many protests that the new way would never be as good as the old. But the exactness soon attained, and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution; and the factory watches now rank above the hand-made. The same advantages will be had in the factory teeth. If one set gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked, it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one, precisely like the oid. will be sent by return mail.-N. Y. Mail and Express.

Served Him Right.

"I-I wanted to ask your opinion about a little matter, and also secure your advice," he said, as he cornered member of the City Council on one

of the City Hall porches yesterday.
"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "Is it your opinion that we shall have an open winter?" "Well, Sir, I-I can't really say. do not pretend to be a weather-proph-

"Sorry-very sorry," continued the other; "I have got to go to Chicago on a man was in the habit of beating the foot. If you could guarantee me fine partner of his joys and sorrows some weather I wouldn't need to ask you to lend me more than half a dollar. As sprinkled in front of his house at night. you can't do that, and as I am liable to If this hint, which was well understood, be snowed in somewhere for a week. I had not the desired effect all the cow shall be compelled to request the loan of at least eighty cents. Do you advise me to lay in a stock of crackers and the village were pressed into service. cheese at this point, or would you buy as you went along and from day to

The Alderman sought to crawl out of any responsibility in the matter, but the man hung to him until he got thirty cents as a compromise. The man who won't predict an open winter ought to be bled. - Detroit Free Press.

In Paris when a man gets a divorce

will run a few lunch routes for some is no picnic, and after a man has been obliged to support one or two grass widows for a couple of years life ceases to have any charms for him, and he is ready to die. - Peck's Sun.

HARNEY'S RACE FOR LIFE. Ned Buntline's Recollections of an Inter-acting Episode.

The World's mention of the veteral General Harney and his recent marriage were read by me with interest. Four years' hard service with him in the Florida war, and nearly two in Mexico, closely associated with him most of the time, give me a right to a knowledge of him as he was.

In 1883, when I was a Midshipma acting Lieutenant on board the United States schooner Otsego, on the Florida coast, he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Second United States Dragoons, under Colonel Twiggs. It was the only cavalry regiment in the war, and Phil Kearney, Charlie May and Billy Fulton, the father of Chandos Fulton, prominent now in your city, were then in the

regiment. Harney looked every inch a soldier and he stood six feet three inches in his boots. He was not hand some. He was stalwart, manly, ever impetuous in

word and action.

In 1839 he had a post with two companies of the Second Dragoons on the alcosabatch e river, about ten or fifteen miles above its mouth. It enters the Gulf of Mexico at Sanabel Island The men were wostly in teuts. There was a small stockade, a sutler's store and a temporary storehouse in the encampment.

In the middle of a hot night-I forget the precise date—the Seminoles, num bering three or four hundred, under Arpiaka, the fish-eater, and B liv Bowlegs, surprised the post. Colonel Harney, in consequence of the heat and mosquitoe had taken his blankets and left his quarters to sleep on a knoll on the river bank, where the cool breeze swept over the water. This alone saved his life He was awakened in the dead of night by the yells of the Indians, the firing of guns and the shricks of his dying men. Harney, in his shirt and drawer without a weapon, could only run for his life. Capture would be death by the cruelest torture. He randown the river, through the dense swamp, the Indian yells filling the night air, and he believe ing them close on his trail. For miles he kept on, the scanty clothes he work torn all to tatters on the branches as he plunged through the brush, and fast h m. He was pursued. At last, breathless, worn out so he could run no further, he halted and turned. I give his

own words to me of what then occur-"I heard the red enses close onto me, I knew it was death, but I thought I'd die game. I squared off, clinched my fists and shouted, Come on, you red devils, d-n you, come on.' How to the back door of the kitchen, where ly saints, is it you, Kernel?" cried one my wife stood, and informed her of the of my own men, the only man beside crisis that hovered over us. Sooner me that escaped, as he halted within him down on the spot! It's a fact. Then I felt ashamed of my act, picked him up and told him I was sorry! The two then crawled on through the

swamp and got down by daylight to Sanabel Island, swimming across the narrow channel to its sandy shore. The next day we ran in there for water in the Otsego and found Harney and his soldier almost stark naked on the beach. both hungry and thirsty, but thankful

And this is known in Florida war history as the "Massac e on the Caloosahatchie." The reason of the surprise was, that there was a temporary truce between the Indians and whites, and, fearing no danger, the sentinels were few and careless. After that Harney planned and carried out a raid into the Everglades, in which twenty-seven buck and economy," replied Smith. Indians were killed or captured-and father was always drumming into me all of them hung as soon as in our hands. to 'wait a little while and you'll pur-We captured about thirty squaws and children, who were held as prisoners till sent West. I was on the raid. In it the late General Ord was shot isfied with the explanation.—Boston through the shoulder. He was then a Second Liutenant in the Third Artillery. General Sherman, now retired, was First Lieutenant in the same regiment

at the time .- New York World.

One Hundred and Fifteen. Of the many centenarians mentione very few actually reached the age of any friends of his to the house.'

100 years. Maj. Hoskinson, who is well informed on local history, claims that Erie county had a case which is hevored diameter. The fellowing her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and sobbing convulsively that her handkerchief to her face, and h beyond dispute. The following is the makes-me-so-miserable." major's account: "This was Michael Hare, who lies buried in Wate ford consolate. "It's all up," he said to his cemetery, and his tombstone records wife, "I wasn't elected. Everything his death May 3, 1843, and his age at went all right until yesterday, and then 115 years 8 months and 22 days. Hare they raked up a charge against me for was an Irishman, and had an eventful horse stealing." "But, my dear, why life. He was in the old French war, didn't you make them back up the and was at Braddock's defeat, was charge?" "Back it up? That's just present at the deleat of St. Clair by the | where the trouble was. Some of our western Indians, and was shot, scalped, ward committee, like blame fools, kept and left on the field for dead. Hare crying for 'proof' and 'documents,' was one of three heirs who had a life and they got them."—Boston Jingo. interest in some real estate in Ireland, and the fact of his existence had to be forwarded to Ireland yearly under the seal of the court in order that a small annuity could be forwarded to him. It is related that several generations passed away while waiting for Hare's death. Probably no better authenticated instance is recorded of man passing the hundredth year than that of Michael

Sure Cures for Wife Beating.

Hare." - Eric Dispatch.

In Hampshire villages a custom still prevails of serenading a wife beater with kettles, tongs and shovels until he is brought to his senses either from shame or to be rid of the horrid din. In the counties of Surrey and Sussex somewhat similar custom was formerly in vogue. When it was known that chaff from the threshing floor was horns, bones, cleavers, bells, whistles, rattles, frying-pans and old kettles in Between the pauses in the music the following verse was sung:

There is a man in this place Has beat his wife Has beat his wife;

This invariably produced the desired effect. But where the offender was too hardened a severe drubbing was administered by the village dames on a dark night in a convenient place.

witness in court the other day, and like organ-grinder monkeys off fur a when sworn was requested to kiss the Bible. She refused, saying that it was so long since she had kissed anything Joh and me, when we seed them kitthat she had forgotten how it was done. This is a strange and interesting the barn floor and roared!"

Mrs. Jenkins comp'sined that the a hen turkey."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I believe the Lord can save reporters," said a New Haven hallelujah lassie recently; "I knew one who was converted; he left the business, and henceforth followed an honest life.-

Waterbury American. Shot silks are very fashionable. The garment should be hung over the back fence and peppered with about four charges of BB shot. Anything smaller is liable to produce the same effect as moth holes.—Burlington Free

Jones was playing billiards. "I de-clare," he said, addressing Timmins, who was looking on, "the more I play the worse I play." "You've played a great deal, haven't you?" asked Timmins quietly. Jones treated .- New Oricans Picayune:

A shrewdold lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her hus-band too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while it may boil soft, but keep him there too long and he hardens. Money doesn't always make the mare

go. Fat man (who is in something of a hurry)—I'll give you \$5 to get me to the station in three minutes." Cabman (with provoking slowness)-"Well, sorr, you might corrupt me, but you can't bribe that horse.—Harvard Lam-

One of our physicians, driving in the rain and mud the other day, was upset in a ditch. Some persons, seeing the mishap, went to his assistance. Wiping the mud from his eyes and mouth, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"—Watertown

One of the attractions in a Philadelphia dime museum is a "human fly." He probably came from Canada. Anyhow, it is known that the human fiv there about the time-fly time, so to speak—a big bank defalcation is re-ported in this country.—Norristown A festive dude came into our sanctum. He had a poem; we kindly thanktum.

With the office club we gently plank-tum over the top of his phizaranktum. He swore an oath which sounded like blanktum, and gazed at us like a dinged old cranktum, and then there was a vacancy in our sanctum. - Evansville Kate Field avers that she couldn't get a well-cooked dinner in Utah during eighteen months. A case of "too many cooks spoil the broth," we pre-

over who should pull the next handful of hair out of the old man's head .-Boston Globe. Who says a woman can't climb? An old maid in Massachusetts saw a dead field mouse by the roadside the other day, and in less than forty seconds she was in the top lost crotch of an apple tree, tucking her skirts, and peering

sume, or else the wives were fighting

around among the branches for her spectacles. - Burlington Free Press. A gentleman presents himself at police headquarters, and asked to have a general alarm sent out for his daughter who is believed to have eloped with the coachman. "Describe her, if you lease," says the sergeant. "Well, she is dark-complected, and wears a thin-gummy kind of dress, cut bias, and, asto her age, why, she is two or three years yonuger than you'd take her to

"Smith, how is it that you always get such good bargains?" queried Jones. "Because I was taught from my infancy habits of thrift, patience chase cheaper.' Why, even my mother used to sing: 'Bye-low, baby,' before I could walk.' Jones was perfectly sat-

Courier. A lady called on a friend who had only been married a few years and was surprised to find her in tears. "I am the most unhappy woman in town, and it is all on account of my husband." "Why your husband lives for you alone. He stays at home all the time; he never in the newspapers it is probable that very few actually reached the age of 100 years. Maj. Hoskin on, who is

Milliken came home looking very dis-

Kosciusko Murphy is not a very wellinformed young man, but he never misses an opportunity of having his say and he frequently puts his foot into it. A few days ago two Austin gentlemen were talking in a restaurant. "I hard-ly think Gen. Wolseley will get over the cataracts." said one of them. "As I understand it the cataracts are to be removed," responded the other gentleman. "Then he wili get over interrupted Murphy, who was sitting at a table close by. "I had an uncle who had two cataracts removed and he got over it .- Texas Siflings.

A gentleman traveling through Ireland with a very stout companion had occasion to h re a jaunting-car, and having agreed with the driver for half a crown, stepped back to the inn where he was staying and called his fat friend. The driver, as soon as he got a glimpse of the enormous dimensions of his "fare," walked up to the head of his horse, and holding up the tattered lappets of a worn-out jacket said; "Whist, sir, get up as lightly as ye can will ye?" "What, is your beast skit-tish?" asked the gentleman. "No, sir," said Pat, with an inimitably shrewd leer, "but if he saw the big gentleman, he'd most like y say: Pat, but it ought to be five shillings .-Every Other Saturday.

Farmer John-"Fox hunters? Wall. I should say we hed fox hunters in these parts. Funniest crowd you ever seed in your life. Makes me shake all over everytime I think of 'em." tor-"City chaps, I suppose?" "Yas. They come down from the city, and stopped at the Old Time Inn, beyond the hill there-twenty-two of 'em, all A maiden lady of Philadelphia was in red jackets and vellow boots looking in' over the meadow, just laid down on they cotch the fox?" "Yes, they got him." "Must have been pretty good riders, then, anyhow." "No, when the turkey she had eaten didn't set well. fox saw 'em comin' he got to laughin' "Probably," said Jenkins, "is was not so hard he couldn't run. - Philadelphia